Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand he goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwer to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once, cues and al. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt; it is neuer tyre.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre.

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are haunted; pray maſters, flye maſters, helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound,
A hogge, a headleſſe beare, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſſe head of your own. Do you?

Enter Peter quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.
The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orange tawny bill,

The

The Throſtle, with his note
The Wren with little quill.
Tytania. What Angell w
Bot. The Finch, the Spar
The plainſong Cuckow gr
Whoſe note full many a ma
And dares not anſwer, nay
For indeed, who would ſet
Who would giue a bird th
uer ſo?
Tyta. I pray thee gentle
Mine eare is much enamor
On the firſt view to ſay, to
So is mine eye enthralled t
And thy faire vertues force
Bot. Me-thinks miſtre
for that: and yet to ſay the
tle company together, nov
ſome honeſt neighbours w
I can gleeke vpon occaſio
Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, a
Bot. Not ſo neither: bu
of this wood, I haue enou
Tyta. Out of this wood
Thou ſhalt remaine here,
I am a ſpirit of no commo
The Sommer ſtill doth te
And I do loue thee; there
Ile giue thee Fairies to att
And they ſhall fetch thee
And ſing, while thou on p
And I will purge thy mor
That thou ſhalt like an ay
Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb,
Enter